

# Ladies' LITERARY OR, Museum;



## Weekly Repository.

"Requiring, with various taste, things widely different from each other."

### Zaida....A Romance.

(Continued.)

"Brethren! (exclaimed the vizier) here is what ye desire. I resign, without uttering one word of complaint, those tokens of the highest dignity. My sultan has given them to me; they were to me precious tokens of his confidence, and my conscience tells me that I was worthy of them. Many of you were with me in the army of Poland, when I was seraskier, and was fortunate. Have you forgot the victories which then marked every day of our lives? Have you forgot that I have saved the lives of many of you, when in the tumult of the infidels you had dropped your swords? Fickle fortune has turned her back to me, but my love for you and our country is still the same. Farewel! I take nothing with me, but your ingratitude, and these wounds."

With these last words, he took off his kaftan, and the bandage of one of the wounds he had received in the battle. The blood ran profusely, and the musulmen were moved. Seven hundred janissaries, who had served under him at Poland, surrounded him, and offered to defend him with their lives. Siavus trembled at this unexpected turn;

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and perhaps his whole hellish complot would in this moment have been defeated, had not Soliman, by the loss of blood, fallen into a swoon. He was carried to his tent, and therefore this heart-moving spectacle removed from the eyes of the soldiers. The seven hundred janissaries intoxicated themselves with opium, and forgot their good vizier.

Meanwhile, Siavus had sent an arzmahzar to the sultan, demanding the vizier's head, and the arrears of the army; menacing, in case of refusal, to come himself to Constantinople.

"Sire! I bring thee my head! (said Soliman, approaching the throne of the sultan,) annihilate a wretch whose only crime is his misfortune: appease the rage of the tumultuous populace: bestow but upon me the only blessing, that Muhamed, my emperor, and formerly my friend, does think me worthy of his pity."

Muhamed. Thou, unfortunate? thou, my friend? and I should take away thy life? Far be that from me! Come to my arms; thou hast drawn upon thee the envy of perhaps a thousand wretches, who seek thy downfall, merely because I am thy friend. Come to mine arms: my heart knows thee well.

Soliman threw himself at the sultan's feet, with tears of gratitude. Muhamed would not give him

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time to unfold his grateful heart. He immediately sent him to the house of Manolaki, a rich Greek, but a few steps from the palace: here he remained twenty-seven days in secrecy, and only Muhamed and the honest aga Mehemet knew the place of his retreat.

The army, meanwhile, approached Adrianople, with hasty strides; yet Muhamed remained firmly resolved to risk every thing rather than sacrifice his friend. Another embassy appeared. Their leader presented to the sultan, a list of the names whose heads they demanded. The names of Soliman, the kishlar-aga, the kaimakan-Redgeb, and the teffterdar, were at the top of it. Muhamed viewed with disdain the mercenary ambassador: "Every hair of my beard, (said he,) shall they pluck out, before I consent that any of my faithful servants receive the silken cord:—money I can spare, but not one of my friends."

Muhamed ordered the mercenaries to depart, sent for the teffterdar, and commanded him to give up all that the treasury contained; and the same evening, Muhamed himself went in disguise to the house of Manolaki. "Flee! (he said to Soliman,) flee! thou art no longer secure here. Go to the frontiers of Persia, till the storm, hovering over thy head, is past. This very night thou must depart. My prayers and my best wishes attend thee."

The vizier promised to obey; but, to depart without saying one word to Zaida? and if it should be in a letter only? Zaida, who, for months had shed so many tears for him—passed for him so many restless nights? Zaida, who, separated from her Vulima, knows in her solitude of no other consolation but what she receives from his remembrance? Could he, unfortunate as he was, forget her well-proved love and faith? No! from the very centre of his former greatness, rises the phoenix of hope, hovering towards the star of love! In spite of the pressing danger, he deferred his departure one day, and wrote the following letter:

*The unfortunate Vizier to his Zaida.*

"I have lost all but thy heart—I have lost nothing if Zaida remains what she was, if she never will forget that I have snatched her from the arms of the sultan; if she, as resolutely will reject the insolent passion of that other detested rival. I depart, and take nothing with me but the

tormenting feeling of my misery, and the dear picture thou hast given me in an happy hour as a pledge of thy love. Farewell! my heart is bursting—my eyes are swimming in bloody tears.

SOLIMAN."

The kishlar-aga undertook to forward the letter. Zaida read it—the paper fell from her hands, and she into a swoon. Gulru, a false African slave, who attended on Zaida, took the paper and examined it. How great was her surprise, when she found that the beautiful Moslemma (the name given her by the sultanness), whom she had served seven months, was no other than the same Zaida, who, according to report, had perished in the flames in the seraglio of Calcedonia, of whose beauty she had heard so much, and at whose loss the sultan had been so much aggrieved. Without hesitation, she hastened to the palace; found her way thro the guards; assumed an air of importance; and desired to speak to the emperor. Muhamed, expecting to hear a discovery of some plot against his life, ordered her to be admitted. Gulru delivered to him the letter, and—heavens! who can describe the sultan's rage, the irritation of his muscles, the fume of his mouth, the chattering of his teeth, and the fire of his eyes.

"Allah! Allah! (he exclaimed, after a terrible pause,) send to me the tortures of hell to torment this scum of villains! He, with whom I would have shared my empire—He, for whose safety I hazard throne and life, in whose bosom I poured my grief at Zaida's loss—He, who saw his emperor and his friend shed tears at the seraglio of Calcedonia! It is inexpressibly terrible! Shamefully has he deceived me! Rise, rise, from the lower regions, spirit of burning revenge! Away generosity from this credulous heart! Ingratitude, the most detestable of all crimes! Are there in hell or upon earth, torments enough for this shameless traitor? And Mehemet, the worthless slave whom I from the lowest condition exalted to greatness and honor—yes! ye both shall suffer for it with your blood!"

After having raved for some time in this strain, he recollected the passage in that unfortunate letter, "*that other detested rival!*"—"Who can that other rival be?" he asked himself. But this question, none could answer but Soliman or Zaida—and the disclosure of this secret he resolved to extort even by the torture.

The unfortunate hero, therefore, was taken prisoner, when on the point of setting out for the Persian frontiers. With surprise, he asked the thaush who approached him with the silken cord, what crime he had been guilty of? The thaush mentioned the name of Zaida, and Soliman trembled. "Then (he said) there is no pardon to be expected." He begged to be allowed to speak but one minute to the emperor, but Muhamed would not see him. He then begged his executioner to allow him time to write a letter to the sultan. It was allowed to him, and he wrote:

*Soliman to Muhamed, emperor of the faithful.*

"Forgive the dying Soliman, whom thou once hast called friend, and whom LOVE only has made criminal. Thou thyself hast felt the power of Zaida's charms: yet this will not excuse me. All I can say, to obviate the crime of the blackest ingratitude, is this only: I saw Zaida before thou hast seen her; I loved Zaida before thou hast loved her. Let me take the sweet hope with me to the grave, that my death will reconcile thee. Curse not my memory; I am more unfortunate than criminal. If thou wilt grant me a last request, make all my slaves free; let them not be tortured, to discover treasures which I do not possess; the little I had acquired, I have lost in thy service of the last campaign. May the great prophet take thee under his powerful protection, and give to thee, on Zaida's innocent and unsullied bosom, those days of bliss which he has shortened to me. I die willingly. May Allah bless thee!

SOLIMAN."

He folded up the letter, went to the window, raised his eyes to heaven, thought of his God and Zaida, and endeavored, in these last moments, to collect the manly fortitude which had carried him thro every epoch of his life. He suddenly turned to his executioner: "I am ready," he said, with composure. The thaush informed him, that he had orders to exact from him, before his execution, the name of that unknown rival. Soliman refused, and the executioners put him on the torture but in vain. He at length was strangled, without a syllable escaping his lips.

They delivered his letter to the sultan, who could not suppress his tears. The head of the unfortunate vizier, and the kishlar-aga, he sent to the army at Adrianople. The old honest grey-

head was cut to pieces as soon as the rabble gained sight of him.

Zaida, the lovely Zaida, being informed of what had passed, fell from one fit into another, and at last into a paroxysm of madness. In this dreadful situation, she was conveyed, by the new kishlar-aga, again to the seraglio of Calcedonia. The sultan visited her: his heart was torn to pieces at the sight—she knew him not.

Prince Soliman felt, at the news of the vizier's fate and Zaida's unexpected re-appearance, the pleasure of a demon. His hopes of possessing the girl whose death he had bemoaned, awoke again with tenfold fire, and gave to his other black schemes a powerful spur. He again had secret meetings with the bashaw-Cuprolu, who, by the disgrace of Redgeb, had become kaimakan. They renewed their former oath, and resolved to set every engine in motion to rekindle the revolt, which, by the vizier's death, had been but partly quelled. *[To be concluded next week.]*

*Anecdote—near an hundred years old.*

A Mr. Frog, a tailor, who had left Charleston, (S. C.) at the commencement of the war, returned soon after the capitulation, and got acquainted with Mr. Gibbs, who was requested by Frog to stand as godfather to one of the children, which was agreed to by Gibbs, provided he should have the naming of the child. As they were going to church the father asked Gibbs if he had thought of the name. Yes, says Gibbs, what think you of our lieutenant-governor Bull? we'll name the child after him. Very good, says the father, I approve of it much. The child was accordingly named Bull. Mr. Frog did not immediately think of the drollery of the name; but when he did, he could have killed Gibbs for such an imposition. However he thought to have recourse to the board of police to get permission to rebaptise the child: but when he saw the lieutenant-governor there presiding, he thought it would be an affront to relate his story; therefore he postponed the matter, and the child remains under the appellation of "Bull Frog."

An English Magazine says, that the Tea-plant has lately been discovered to be a NATIVE of the United States of America!

To the Editor.

Sir—I have lately heard it asserted, in several companies, that it is your intention to discontinue the publication of the "Ladies' Museum," on the completion of this volume; and that your reason for so doing, is the non-increase of your subscription list, the number on which is so small that your receipts barely balance your expenses. This, sir, if true, is to me unaccountable. The Ladies of Philadelphia are proverbially liberal; and why they should be backward in patronising the handsomest miscellany ever offered to them, is to me a mystery. But to speak only of its outward appearance, you may think, is "damning with faint praise." I am no critic, sir; but were I to pass my judgment, I should pronounce the Museum to be a paper more calculated to amuse that class of readers for whose use it is devoted....the female fashionables....than any similar publication heretofore printed in this city. I do not wish to be understood, as comparing it with the polished "Portfolio," or "Analectic Magazine;" they are of a different character entirely—more appropriate to the scientific gentleman and abstruse scholar. But I would compare it with some miscellanies long since gone to the tomb: The "Minerva" was considered too indelicate....*"sub rosa."* The "Repository," was "vigorous in the beginning, but negligent in the end." The "Repertory" was chaste and useful, but it was much too grave for the generality of readers—too great a proportion of instruction mixed with the entertainment. The "Ladies' Museum" is the reverse; it may be said to be too amusing—but this fault I should be inclined to believe would operate in its favor—and the more I am convinced of this, the more am I surprised at its ill-success.

I sincerely hope, sir, the report is untrue; and that you will contradict the assertion without delay; as its currency may prevent the exertions of the well-wishers of your publication, to augment by their influence the number of your patrons.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[In reply to the above, the editor will briefly observe, that it is the first intimation which has reached him of the existence of such an unkind report—He never had a thought of relinquishing this paper while it yields him his "daily bread," and it is well known to his patrons and the public

that, limited as it is, it is the *only* support of his family....and it would be criminal in him, to deprive them of that little, without a surety of some other employ. His kind "Subscriber" will please accept the editor's thanks for his flattering notice, and rest assured, that unless the patrons of the Ladies' Museum withdraw their pecuniary support, the editor cannot, under these circumstances, withhold his labor.]

*The Petition of a Man, not of "Twenty Thousand  
Francs," but, of Twenty Children!*

A curious application has been made to Congress, by a Mr. M'Coy, of the state of Virginia. He states, that he has been married twenty-seven years; during which period, he was the father of twenty children, nineteen of whom are now living. On account of these circumstances, he considers himself entitled to a grant of land, to support him in his old age.

Public bounty has been conferred, perhaps, on hundreds less deserving of it. The novelty of the case, however, excited considerable interest and humor; and the petition was referred for further consideration.

At a first glance, it would be supposed, that a man who had so many children, and whom, according to his own statement, he had brought up by personal industry, would not be neglected by them in his old age. This argument may stand good in cities, but not in the country. A family of farmers, so numerous as this, requires greater room than the paternal farm; and, as all our wise legislators tell us, that the greater the population, the stronger the government, a person who has so materially aided this important branch deserves reward. Lands are gratuitously given to foreign emigrants, and why should our own citizens be neglected?

HODGE.

The funeral of the late lady of Mr. Coutts, the banker, took place in London, on ——— last. The coffin in which were deposited her remains, was one of the most costly ever made: it contained upwards of five thousand silver nails, and the handles, plates, &c. were of solid silver.

## The Theatre.

On our first visit to the Theatre this season, we were certainly pleased with the judicious improvement of the gas-lights—tho we cannot say the alteration was so considerable as to merit the ‘puff’ given in the managers’ advertisement—however, they certainly deserve credit for the perfection to which they have brought these *useful ornaments*. This gratification was lost immediately on perceiving the disgusting nakedness of the orchestra. Why this material department should be so neglected, remains to be exploded. We venture to assert, that unless the managers be more liberal in filling up the respective parts of this indispensable support to all theatrical amusements, than they have been since the absence of Mr. Gillingham, all their other exertions will soon fail to keep the audience in good humor.

Whenever we first behold the annual return of our old *veteran* performers, we feel a more than usual pleasure; and until this feeling somewhat subsides, we can scarcely find ourselves disposed to note any one of their imperfections minutely. In fact, we almost consider it our duty, in justice to the annual alterations which invariably take place in the corps, to permit the first week or two of a new season to elapse, before we venture to breathe a censure or condemnation. However, we cannot forbear expressing our sentiments in respect to a few of the company, without advertg in this place to particulars.

So much has been said of Mr. Incledon, previous to his appearance on the Philadelphia stage, that no praise of ours can possibly add to his fame—we will therefore briefly state our opinion by remarking, that as far as some performers are beneath criticism, so far stands Mr. Incledon above it. His faults are so few, and of so trivial a nature, that he must be “a surly dog” indeed

who would enumerate them. We wish we could say the same, now, of Mrs. Burke. Had we never heard and seen Mr. Incledon, we should, still, have remained blind to the imperfections of her taste and judgment. We trust her own good sense will be sufficient to discern wherein she falls short of the perfection of this great vocalist. Mr. Burke is not that correct performer he seems to think himself.

Mr. Jefferson is “himself again;” like veteran Francis, he neither gains nor loses any thing by his experience: notwithstanding the repeated hints given to this merry-making gentleman, he still “o’ersteps the modesty of nature.”

Of Mrs. Wood we cannot refrain from expressing our general approbation. There is something in this lady’s exertions to please, so very intrinsic, so peculiarly her own, that in whatever character she may appear, there is always much to admire, and but little indeed to censure.

This observation will also extend to Mr. Warren, and a few others of the old stock; not including Mr. Wood, whose powers of acting are derived more from imitation than from within himself. We also must not be understood as including Mr. Anderson, whose talents certainly do not promise him any excellence in personification.—Of his amiable consort, there are hopes, that she may improve—tho her present pretensions as an actress are not beyond mediocrity.

Tho a few fascinating performers have bade adieu to Philadelphia, yet the united efforts of Mr. Betterton and Mr. Cooper, while occasionally the notes of Incledon vibrate in our ears, will certainly dissipate the regret which their absence would otherwise create in the hearts of their admirers.

Before we conclude, we must not forget, even thus early, to remind Mr. Wood, that *he must not expect always to do as he pleases on the stage, with impunity.*

DRAMATICUS.

## Anecdotes and Scraps.

Dean Swift travelling in Ireland, called at the house of a friend; the lady of the mansion, rejoiced to have so distinguished a guest, ran up to him and teased him with a number of questions, as to what he would like to have for dinner. 'Will you have an apple-pie, sir? will you have a gooseberry-pie, sir? will you have a cherry-pie, sir?' 'Any pie, madam,' replied the fatigued Dean, 'but a *magpie*.'

A gentleman observing to his friend, he wondered how he kept himself warm this cold winter, was answered, 'that he contrived to do it very well—that he had a *small house*, and a *good fire*—that he had a *daughter* who kept him in a perpetual *fever*, and a very *fat wife*.'

A drover with a large drove of cattle being on his way from the western part of Vermont for Boston market, was proceeding by the way of Bellows-Falls, but seeing on the mile stones, 'B. Falls,' he says to a friend, 'blast the luck, *beef falls* every mile.' He therefore concluded it best to turn himself about, and make the best of his way to the west side of the mountain.

Some time ago a milliner's apprentice was to wait on a duchess, but fearful of committing some error in her address, she went to consult with a friend about it, who told her that when she came before the duchess she must say *her grace* to her. Accordingly away went the girl, and being introduced, after a curtsy, she said, '*for what we are going to receive the Lord make us thankful!*' To which the duchess answered *Amen*.

During the revolutionary war, when draughts were made from the militia to recruit the continental army, a certain captain gave liberty to the men, who were draughted from his company, to make their objections, if they had any, against going into the service. Accordingly, one of them, who had an impediment in his speech, came up to the captain, and made his bow. 'What is your objection?' said the captain. 'I ca-a-ant go,' answers the man, 'because I st-st-stutter.' 'Stutter!' says the captain, 'you don't go there to talk, but to fight.' 'Aye, but they'll p-p-put me upon g-g-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say, 'wh-wh-who goes there?' 'Oh that is no objection, for they will place some other sentry with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire.' 'Well, b-b-but I may be ta-ta-taken and run thro the g-g-guts, before I can cry qu-qu-qu-quarters.' This last plea prevailed, and the captain out of humanity (laughing heartily) dismissed him.

## Sunday Reading.

*Nothing lost by giving to the poor.*

The same charity which is desirous of doing the utmost for the benefit of its poor neighbor, is likewise very ingenious in devising the ways and means of doing it. And tho, in the present state of society, it be not required that the opulent should sell their possessions, and divide the produce among the indigent, or that persons of all ranks and conditions should live in the same style; yet, surely, no one can survey the world, as it now goes among us, without being of opinion, something—and that very far from inconsiderable—something, I say, might be retrenched from the expences of building, something from those of furniture, something from those of dress, something from those of the table, something from those of diversion and amusements, public and private, for the relief and consolation of the many, who have neither a cottage to inhabit, garment to cover them, bread to eat, medicine to heal them, nor any circumstance of life to lighten their load of misery, or cheer their sorrowful and desponding souls, in the day of calamity and affliction. Certainly a man would be no loser, who should sometimes sit down to a less profuse and costly board at home, if at his going abroad, 'when the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; if the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' Beneficence is the most exquisite luxury, and the good man, after all, is the genuine epicure.

*Sound Reasons for Drinking.*

If you would be odious to your family and friends, be a drunkard; and you will soon be more than disagreeable.

If you are determined to expel all domestic harmony from your house, be a drunkard; and discord, with all her evil train, will soon enter.

If you would wish to starve your family, be a drunkard; for that will consume the means of their support.

If you would be reduced to the necessity of shunning your creditors, be a drunkard; and you will soon have reason to prefer the bye paths to the public streets.



## SONNET.—TO MELISSA.

Thro all the woes which destiny severe,  
Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,  
*One tender thought* still moderates its pain,  
And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair!  
When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,  
O'er stormy seas and foreign lands thy love shall  
stray;  
Thou urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,  
*One tender thought* shall cheer the toilsome way!  
And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,  
I seek lone melancholy's quiet cell,  
For thee I'll earnest breathe my latest pray'r,  
On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell!  
Till the last sigh shall from my lips depart,  
I'll keep the dear idea cherish'd in my heart!

BENEDICT.

*A Matrimonial Contrast.*

Have you a wife whose heart is warm,  
Whose mind is stor'd with every charm,  
Whose temper's mild and even—  
Who's open, frank, and void of art,  
Who with her hand has given her heart?  
You then have got to Heaven.

Have you a wife with pride brimfull,  
Who loves to domineer and rule,  
Who all your faults can tell—  
Whose fickle discontented mind,  
No peace can give, no peace can find?  
You've fairly got to h—ll.

*A crusty Old Bachelor, to show his abhorrence of the  
fair sex, and condensing his bile into a focus, sends  
the following by way of compliment to the ladies:*

We men have many faults,  
Poor women have but two;  
There's nothing good they say,  
There's nothing good they do.

*Garrick's Advice to Married Women.*

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,  
'That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more,'  
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must cherish what beauty has  
caught.

The bloom of your cheek and the glance of your  
eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;  
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the men that you wed like your fav'rite gui-  
tar,

Tho music in both, they are both apt to jar;  
How tuneful and soft to a delicate touch,  
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,  
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-  
mand;

Exert with your husband the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your  
will.

Be gay and good humor'd, complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care, from your face to  
your mind.

Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,  
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.

*Mr. Editor,—Looking over an old magazine, of  
1781, I was very much struck with the beauty of  
the following lines, which I would wish you to  
insert for the benefit of your fair readers.*

Yours, &amp;c.

W. P. S.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

If e'er I'm doom'd the marriage bands to wear,  
(Kind Heaven, propitious, hear a virgin's pray'r,)  
May the blest man, I'm destin'd to obey,  
Still kindly govern by his gentle sway;  
May his sound sense improve my rising thoughts,  
And his good nature smile on all my faults;  
Vice may he take to be his mortal foe,  
And every virtue his best friendship know.  
Still let me find, possess of the dear youth,  
The best of manners and sincerest truth;  
Unblemish'd be his honor and his fame,  
And let his actions merit his good name:  
I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,  
For troubles often on the wealthy wait.  
Be this my lot, if e'er I'm made a wife,  
Or keep me happy in a single life.

20th DECEMBER, SATURDAY, 1817.

Ever desirous of fulfilling our promises, we shall conclude the beautiful Romance of **ZAIDA**, in the next No. which will also complete the first volume of the Museum....the title-page and list of subscriber's names will accompany the last No. gratis.

In the next volume, we shall present our fair readers with A NEW NOVEL, which will no doubt highly entertain and interest their feelings.

#### To Correspondents.

SAM POINT's Reply, to our Note requesting an interview, is satisfactory—his 'illuminations' will therefore be continued. **LOTHAR** can have the satisfaction of seeing his "original" Sonnet, in print, by referring to the work from which he copied it! **ISIS** never need trouble an editor. **ISABEL**, **JULIET**, and some others, lately received, will always be welcome.

### The Altar of Love.

#### MARRIED,

IN THIS CITY, by the rev. Dr. Janeway, Mr. William Chaloner to Miss Anna Maria Denman.

By the rev. George C. Polts, captain Robert Paterson to Miss Sarah Ann Eagle.

#### Select Articles from Late European Papers.

Dr. Franklin's Letters have just been published in London; and the Courier states, that the monthly reviewers do justice to the character of the writer.

A letter from Cork says, 'that the fever has considerably decreased among the poor, but increased among the rich, among whom it is become very fatal.' It is also said to be in London.

The king of England entered the 58th year of his reign on the 25th of October; and the Morning Chronicle of that date observes, 'from his unsubdued health and vigor, there is every reason to hope of his life being preserved for many years to come.' [!!!!]

Mr. Raymond, the active manager of Drury-lane theatre, died at his house in Chester-place, Pimlico.

The king of Prussia has remitted to the mayors of Bar-le-duc, Commercy, Ligny, and Fain, in the department of the Meuse, a sum of 2,000 francs, to be distributed among the poor of these four communes.

Splendid illuminations were in readiness at Bath for the accouchement of the princess Charlotte, for whom a wet nurse had been provided, after a very strict examination of her person, &c. [!!!!!!!]

#### IN THE PRESS,

And soon to be published for the benefit of the author,  
A volume of Original Poems, entitled the  
**Lyre of Love & Harp of Sorrow,**  
Or lyric and elegiac Poems, Odes, and Songs.

BY HENRY C. LEWIS.

TERMS.—The price will be 75 cents, to be paid when the work is delivered; it shall be handsomely printed, and neatly bound as a pocket volume.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and ORDERS, thankfully received at No. 157, south Eleventh street, near Locust.

N.B.—The friends of the Author are respectfully requested to forward this publication by their influence with acquaintances, &c....for which purpose, subscription-papers may be had of the editor.

### An Apprentice wanted

To the Printing Business.

Apply at the Publication Office of the "Ladies' Museum," No 157, south Eleventh street, five doors below Locust, not far from Spruce.

### Dwelling-House To Let.

A small, but very convenient Dwelling-House, built of stone, containing 3 rooms, situate on BUSH-HILL,—Rent 50 dollars a-year.

Also, a large stone ICE-HOUSE, for a moderate rent, or on shares for the season.

Enquire on the premises, near the Bush-Hill Tavern.

### Ladies' Miniature Almanac.

DECEMBER.	SUN rises	SUN sets	
21 Sunday - -	25' after 7	25' before 5	MOON
22 Monday - -	25' after 7	25' before 5	
23 Tuesday -	25' after 7	25' before 5	- full.
24 Wednesday	25' after 7	25' before 5	
25 Thursday -	25' after 7	25' before 5	- Christ-
26 Friday - - -	25' after 7	25' before 5	mas.
27 Saturday -	25' after 7	25' before 5	

#### LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM.

TERMS.—Two dollars per volume: One dollar to be paid at the time of ordering the paper; and the other, three months afterwards.

A volume is complete each half-year, containing upwards of 200 pages, besides a handsome Title, and List of Subscribers' Names.

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Literary Communications always thankfully received, and duly noticed.

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BY HENRY C. LEWIS.